

Title: Business As Usual

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Walking into the guildhall,
I would have had to be
blind to not witness the
hint of shame in the
eyes of my men. But, as
their leader, it is unto
me to make the difficult
choices needed to secure
the future of the guild.
Aye, it is true that we
had a long-term contract
with the miners of Ore
of Vesper to facilitate
their trade. But, providing
protection even on the
relatively short journey
between Minoc and Vesper
was becoming increasingly
difficult. Why, just last
month, I lost two good
men fending off roadside
thugs. Under such
circumstances, who can
blame me for asking to
be paid more? Not doing
so would be a blatant
disservice to my men and
their families.

In fact, the New World
Order guild was not alone
in reneging on existing
contracts. Warrior guilds
across the land were
renegotiating contracts
signed when Britannia was
still under the auspices
of Queen Dawn. While
Britannia has faced grave
threats in the past, I
would be hard pressed to
think of another time
when such a feeling of
lawlessness existed. So,
considering the
circumstances, my
conscience is clear for
forbidding my men to

accompany the caravan.
We are not responsible
for it's eventual fate.
Perhaps, in the light of
what happened, that
damned leader of theirs
will be more willing to
open her purse strings.
Guilt be damned! No one
ever starved from it!